

With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an art, which, in their pideness, shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature; change it rather: but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:  
No more than were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,  
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.